

MAR 30 1935

# The Working Woman

WOMAN'S  
PLACE

By Sasha Small

BROAD IS THE  
PATH

By a Hollywood  
Extra Girl

UNCONQUERED  
SPIRIT

By Eugene Gordon



April  
1935

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# THE Working Woman

MARGARET COWL, Editor

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## A Mother's Bill Of Rights

Organize to Win!

By Margaret Cowl

ACCORDING to the Federal Emergency Relief Association, 1,612,891 new babies arrived in the last four years to families who are on relief rolls. How many more to the unemployed families who are not able to get on the relief rolls? How many more to the partially employed families who can hardly keep together the bodies and souls of the present family? Mass misery of tiny tots, born into the families of the working class; starvation at the very threshold of life, not a ghost of a chance to acquire the necessary physical development necessary for a healthy body.

Mothers of the working class! We can fight successfully for the right of our babies to exist! Let's start a movement in every neighborhood, in every workers' organization, in every trade union auxiliary, in the sewing circles, in educational organizations, everywhere, for a Mothers' Bill of Rights.

What Is This Bill?

At present it is not a bill for federal enactment. It is a program of demands that the women must popu-

larize among the masses of women to activate them and force the city and town governments to establish in the neighborhoods:

Free day nurseries; free birth control clinics; free hospitalization for pregnant mothers; free school lunches; free transportation; payment of benefits before and after childbirth.

Get the women together in the neighborhood and have a heart to heart talk on how to work for these demands. Raise this question in the organization that you belong to. Inform the women in your trade union auxiliary about these demands and talk about what to do to win these demands.

### Dramatize Your Needs

In the discussion for plans of action you can decide to hold baby carriage parades in the neighborhoods with signs on the carriages bearing these demands and with a date for a meeting in the neighborhood to draw more women into this movement. You can organize delegations of women from organizations, from the neighborhood to the city government, and demand that this program be granted. The Working Woman will send you a copy of a model of a bill which you should get the trade unions in your city to adopt and present to the state legislature of your state for maternity insurance which means benefits before

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and after childbirth. The New York State Federation of Labor has already decided in favor of maternity insurance. In your meetings you can decide to demand the repeal of the vicious federal anti-birth control laws. In your meetings you can decide to endorse the Workers' Unemployment, Old Age, and Social Insurance Bill, H.R. 2827, now before the House of Representatives of the United States. This is the only Bill which has in it a clause for maternity insurance.

### All Mothers—Unite!

In every action, Negro women must be welcomed and asked to come in. These demands should be raised in the churches. Equality for all Negro women in these demands must be included. There must be unity of all working class mothers, otherwise there can be no victories.

By having discussion around these demands, by demanding the repeal of the anti-birth control laws, by winning some of these demands in the neighborhoods, and publishing your results in the Working Woman you will encourage women in other cities to do likewise. Through the Working Woman you can make your work for these demands felt throughout the entire country. Women in little towns and big cities will respond and will join you. After all this information from a number of cities has been sent to us we will help to draw up a bill which will embody these demands on a national scale and demand federal enactment of this proposed bill. We will be stronger then, to broaden out the movement to introduce a bill into Congress to abolish the anti-birth control laws. Our organized strength will force the presenting of such a bill before Congress instead of its always dying in a small committee where no one knows about it. We must build this movement for the Mothers' Bill of Rights by winning the demands in this bill first in the cities, and then we will be able to organize a broad mass support that will force its enactment in Congress. Start this work today.

Let the WORKING WOMAN know what you decide to do. When your activity wins any part of these demands we want to know how, where, when, why and who took part.

# WOMAN'S PLACE

In the United States Today — Is It in the Home?

By Sasha Small

What woman's place, as we have been told for centuries, still in the home? Is it still not woman's place to mess around in politics or debates about the N.R.A., or bother with things like strikes and picket lines?

To the majority of women and girls in industry today these phrases have become little more than empty mockery. During the last two years they have proven definitely, in action, that woman's place is on the picket line, fighting side by side with the man for

tile strikers were women and girls. Terror did not drive them back all along the battle-front from Rhode Island to the Carolinas. In Saylesville, R. I., the women, headed by a Girl in Green, led the charge that resulted in one of the fiercest pitched battles of the whole strike and rallied the scattered forces of the picket lines.

In Georgia, 28 women were among the captives of America's first con-

of a farm that covers almost half of South Jersey. Tear gas, vomit gas, axes wielded by Vigilante Minute Men, drum head court set up right in Seabrook's office, could not break this strike. When Seabrook attempted to load scab beets into the cannery on the middle of his farm empire, three young Negro women, rushed past all the armed forces and started tearing the beets off the truck. One of them had her forehead split by an axe, but her courage inspired all the other pickets and the beet truck never got across the line into the cannery.

But it was not only on the strike front that women are finding their true places. In the organized ranks of the working class fighting for a decent life, housewives, farmers' wives, all over the country have realized that staying home and worrying about where the shoes, and the food, and the milk are coming from will do them no good. Rent strikes, strikes against the high cost of living, have been carried through successfully in many large cities by organized bodies of housewives. Farmers' wives have swelled the ranks of the huge crowds that gathered before badly frightened sheriffs who thought they would be able to sell a farmer off the land he and his family had tilled for years.

In the heart of the Black Belt in the South, where terror and lynchings stalk around every turn in the road, Negro women have taken their place in the heroic protest movement against their slavery. In Birmingham, Ala., an unknown Negro housewife, whose protest reached the ears of the Ku Klux Klan, showed them their night shirts could not frighten her. They set up a burning cross before her house, their flaming threat. And she walked right out into the road with a bucket of water in her hands and put it out before their backs were turned!

Millions of women in America today are still enslaved by the empty words—woman's place is in the home. But reality—hungry children, starvation pay, misery and dread—are rapidly exploding the empty phrase—and they are lining up for battle!



Daughters of the American Revolution—by Gropper

decent wages, decent working conditions and the right to organize into trade unions.

Last year, 1934, brought sharper economic battles than this country has seen in many years. The General Textile Strike involving over 300,000. The San Francisco General Strike. The West Coast Maritime Strike, that tied up every Pacific port for more than three months, Minneapolis, Toledo. The very words conjure up pictures of clouds of tear gas, flashing bayonets, and marching, singing, shouting picket lines. Striking for the right to live, to organize. Striking against the squeezing fist of the N.R.A.

Woman's place was clearly on the picket line. Sixty per cent of the tex-

centration camp. Two young women from Atlanta, now face death sentences under the same slave law used against Angelo Herndon as a result of their activity in the textile strike. These sister, Annie Mae Leathers, and Leah Young (who has five small children) were arrested for distributing leaflets on the picket line. That's called "Inciting to Insurrection" in Georgia and is punishable by death.

In Bridgetown, N. J., heroic young Negro women were largely responsible for the victorious settlement of one of the most bitter strikes in the East. Several hundred agricultural workers, went on strike against the literally slave conditions imposed upon them by Charles Seabrook, the owner

# STOCKYARD STELLA

BY A GROUP OF WORKERS WITH JANE BENTON

## Concluding Chapter

**N**EXT morning there were ten workers who came to the packing house with fast-beating hearts. They ran up the worn steps of the prison-like building, past the bare, ugly lunchroom, and into the locker room. Then, in their uniforms, they raced up to their workroom. They seemed to do nothing very unusual. And yet—on this particular morning, all the workers on the floor were busily reading leaflets that seemed to have fallen down from the sky.

The night shift had just left. The cleaning-men who were squirting hoses all around knew that something was happening. The workers all stood under the clock reading slips of paper.

"It's darn right," everybody was saying. "Believe me, it's about time we did something about these layoffs."

The foreman ran around like a mad dog, trying to pull the leaflets out of people's hands. The matron was bawled out for not watching. They searched the whole place to find more leaflets. Eddie's name was on everyone's lips. It was already 7:15 but the

bell to commence work had been forgotten.

"The ones who did this are going to get what's coming to them," the foreman threatened, "We know who pulled off this stunt."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Dammit, we workers got to speak up! I'm not going to stay here and keep on working the next time I cut my finger. I don't care if it takes two hours, I'll go down to the doctor."

"Sure, we kids got to stick together!"

When Stella and Eddie came into the canning room they were immediately surrounded by a large group. Eddie talked loudly enough for everyone to hear him:

"I went to the company union and they just gave me the run around, and so here I am, still out of a job. Some of the people from the Young Communist League, who get out this 'Armour Young Worker,' convinced me that the only people who will do anything for the workers are—the workers themselves! So I'm going to ask you girls and fellows to help me.

One person alone can't fight against the boss. If I go and kick all alone I won't get a thing. But if the whole gang right from our ranks sticks with me, they can't throw out the whole gang. You know one missing on a machine don't mean anything. But right now, on this government best order, tying up the whole gang costs the boss money. So that's why—"

"Shut up, you!" yelled the foreman.

"We want to hear Eddie!"

"Hey, you gave him a dirty deal the other day! Give him a chance to talk!" shouted Stella. "C'mon, kids, you're not going to take this!"

"Shut your trap!"

"What's this, a fight?"

"Hey, gang! Let's get this settled right now." Dick's voice rang out like a trumpet-call. "C'mon! Who's going down with me to the superintendent's office?"

"Let's go!" . . . "I'm with you," said Slim. . . . "Ah'm with you kids," said Joe. . . . "O.K., here we go!" . . . Let's show 'em!" . . .

Twenty workers, Negro and white, went with Eddie to the superintendent. Meanwhile the kids on the floor stood around talking. Nobody worked. The foreman tried to chase them off the floor but they wouldn't budge. He yelled for the time-keeper to make out their pink slips right away.

"You're all fired!" he yelled. "You're all going to go out of the yards for good." Then he went up to a few workers who looked scared and pushed them toward the canning tables.

"Hey, you kids," shouted Josie. "Don't let him bulldoze you."

"Maybe we'll really get fired. I've got three kids and a husband to support!" said Bertha.

"So has Eddie—he's got his parents to support!" yelled Josie.

"Who's gonna fight for you? A bunch of sheep, that's what you are!"

"You know what they do to sheep here?"

The foreman walked up to a small group of workers who had started to put meat into cans. "That's fine," he said. "I knew you could be trusted. That's the right spirit. That's co-operating."

"That's co-operating!" The rest of the workers jeered and hooted.



Breaking Bones

"I know who's the ring-leader of all this." The foreman walked up to Josie as if he was going to sock her.

"Oh, is that so? Well, if you touch me this whole bunch will walk out on you and then where'll your meat order be? A fine foreman, kicking out the whole department when this rush order is supposed to be gotten through and you're hired to speed us up and get it done!"

"Don't you lay your hands on her!" "See! The foreman can't do a thing!"

Just then the committee that had gone down to the superintendent's office with Eddie returned, grinning and cheering. Stella jumped up on the

canning table. Her face beamed.

"Oh, boy! Did they give him his white slip back fast! Gee, we went downstairs to those big shots and their faces all turned white. They didn't know what was happening. On the way down we decided that I should talk. I told them the whole story. I said where we were from and what we came for, and that we wanted to have Eddie put back on the job because he was laid off for no good reason. I told them everybody was sitting around, waiting to go back to work after Eddie got upstairs to his tractor. And before you could say Robinson Crusoe—he had his white slip in his hand. So here we are! Gee, now I

know what it means for us workers to wake up and kick for our rights. If we all stick together we'll get someplace."

"Hurrah! Good for you! Atta-baby!"

Stella continued to shout above the cheers of the whole department:

"We've learned one thing, kids! If we want to get anything we can do it! All of us together have strength. That's a better lesson than you've ever learned in any school!"

"Darn right!" Everyone cheered.

Eddie lifted her from the table. This time his arms were strong as steel around her. In front of the entire department he held her up in the air. Their cheering turned to friendly laughter. Eddie wanted like hell to give Stella the kiss she deserved, but although he had just won a victory over the powerful packing company he was a trifle scared of women. So he put her down.

A few minutes later everybody was busily at work, like so many human machines. The foreman walked up and down muttering to himself. Force of habit helped him out. Like a man in a dream he squeaked: "Let's go to town, girls! C'mon, you babies, give them chickens down there some work to do!"

And the eyes of the workers shone with a new light. They had caught their first sight of the road to liberation.

The End



"All of us together have strength!"

Drawings by Arrow

## The Soviet Girls Answer

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

Herewith is a letter received from the Soviet Union packing industry. We will send you a copy of our next letter to them. In the meantime we feel that you should publish this, so that the workers in America can see what we are bound to get when we have a Soviet America.

A Group of Girl Workers.

Space does not permit us to print the following letter in full. It is an answer to a letter sent to Soviet Union stockyards workers by a group of five girls working in the Chicago stockyards. The letter appeared in

full in the January 3, 1939, issue of the Daily Worker, New York City edition.

Mikoyan Meat Combine, Moscow,

U.S.S.R.

Dear Comrades:

We are very grateful to you for your initiative in establishing regular contact with us. We are quite willing to answer all your questions concerning our work and life. There used to be a scrap heap on the site of our giant meat combine. Before the revolution working conditions were appalling. Departments were dark, there were no ventilation and there was dirt and filth in every corner. The meat products turned out were dirty and were not standardized. The ofal de

(Continued on Page 13)

## Packing House Girls In America

Dear Editor:

We workers at X. are speeded up so much that we frequently cut or smash our fingers. The place is so wet and damp, water drips on us and many of us fall and get hurt seriously. A girl on hot tamales had the tip of her finger smashed off. Then she was laid off. We girls told her to raise hell about it, so she could get on the job or get an agreement or some kind of a settlement. The company saw that she meant business and figured it would be cheaper to take her back.

A girl on the Vienna sausage line had her finger smashed and distorted because of the speed-up, but the com-

(Continued on Page 13)

# All The News That Fits We Print

By Spylglass

"A REAL vacation! New series of nine-day cruises to Havana and Nassau. S.S. Volendam—\$87.50 up. And what a trip is in store for you! All the sparkle and gaiety of Latin America are yours to enjoy in Havana." We contemplated this ad in the New York Times on March 10. . . . By March 12, the Times found out something.

## CUBA PARALYZED BY GENERAL STRIKE

### Army Compels Men to Work Five More Slain, Victims of Law of Flight

Yes, the happy Cuban workers were striking against their gay wages and conditions. Sugar workers get twenty cents a day for long hours of slavery under American imperialism. The Holland-America Line blithely calls attention to this "West Indian Paris." Phooey.

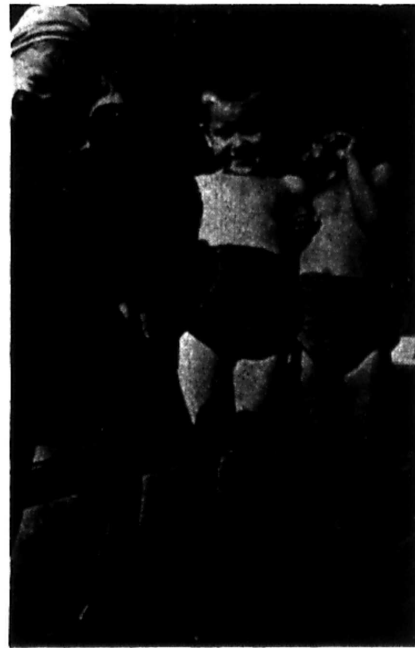
Tucked at the end of a long dispatch, in which a worker could plainly see that a desperate struggle was going on between the entire working class of Cuba [doctors, nurses, lawyers, government employees, as well as transportation workers, longshoremen, telephone workers, and so on], and Mendieta's army, there was a rueful note that the luxury liners would Avoid Havana for the present. What! Don't the visiting firemen like the sparkle of bombs bursting in their faces? Is the Tired Buisenss Man Who Cruises in Winter to Get Away From It All, afraid of an accidental bayonet thrust from Mendieta's soldiers? The charm of novelty, my friend. You've handed it out plenty. Can't you take it?

Oh, Yeah!

New York Times, March 3.—Bonwit Teller, a department store, declares that "Our matchless French corsets are now being unpacked" and if you leap quickly you may buy:

All-in-one of hand-knit chiffon elastic with satin panel front and back and real Alencon brassiere and pantie ruffle, \$175.

Here is a grand saving. The dame who buys this item will save more on the sales tax in New York City



Sovuzphoto

Hearst says the Soviet Union starves babies; cast your eyes at these and make up your mind. Who lies?

than the worker who buys a fifteen cent girdle at the Five-and-Ten. Why? Bring me the arithmetic book, quick. One cent of tax on a 15-cent article is over six per cent tax, whereas the lady who buys a matchless French corset pays her two per cent. Don't stand for a sales tax. You'll get it in the neck, or rather in the pocket-book, where you'll feel it more.

Well, our Bill, H.R. 2827, THE WORKERS' UNEMPLOYMENT AND SOCIAL INSURANCE BILL, was passed out of Committee on March 8, (which was International Woman's Day) and is now up before the House of Representatives! It passed by a narrow squeak of seven to six and it passed only because the gentlemen of the House Labor Committee were flooded with mail, telegrams, delegations and other indications that the workers want real unemployment insurance. Along with unemployed benefits of \$10 a week to each worker unemployed, plus \$3 for each dependent, is a clause stating that maternity benefits for eight

weeks after childbirth would be paid. Do you want it? Well, so, don't sit on your hands! Use them!

### Into the Streets May First

War clouds hang black and threatening over the world. Hitler's decree for conscription of all German workers has begun a made scramble of war preparations in every imperialist nation, which can end only in World War. The Soviet Union, the workers' fatherland is in danger. The conditions of the working masses are growing worse.

Working Women! You will be the chief sufferers in war! Fascism can mean only slavery for you! Drop your tools and leave your kitchens! Come into the streets May First! Demonstrate Against War and Fascism! Fight for Better Conditions!! Defend the Soviet Union! Demonstrate May First!

### Don't Read Hearst!

The Yellow Press, always the friend of workers, is in the midst of a campaign to discourage workers from being militant and demanding their rights. It is currently attacking the Soviet Union with all the evil, lying methods it can. Won't go into details but I simply must quote from a syndicated story. The following is from the Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal, March 6. . . . "How long, O America, are you going to allow these baby-starvers, decadent fanatics and Jack-the-Rippers to spit in your complacent and good-natured face?" This long series of articles have been illustrated by pictures, which James Casey, editor of the Daily Worker, stated were nothing but retouched pictures of the World War, whose titles tried to make a reader believe were pictures from "famine-torn" Russia. We submit the accompanying picture in evidence. This is Photo Number 153,470 from the Soviet Photo Agency and shows "starving" kids in the one-day rest home for children in Moscow. We challenge Mr. Red-Baiting Hearst to produce the source of his pictures!

Here's a good one! After the same article attacked Amkino, the Soviet American film company, crowds poured in to see "Chapayev" the brilliant Soviet film which was on the point of being taken out of the Cameo in New York after having played for eight weeks. They had to extend its run to accomodate all who came. Which is a tip to the wise. . . . don't miss it. . . . it's great.

# Unconquered Spirit

The Negro Woman Still Fights Slavery

By Eugene Gordon

## PART II.

It has already been shown that the Negro woman under slavery had a spirit which the most inhuman brutality neither crushed nor conquered: her escaping and helping others escape was a method of fighting the slaveholder. Since the Negro women's peculiar present condition can be understood only in relation to her past, it is necessary to say more about her condition under slavery, this time to reveal the systematic abuse from which she struggled valiantly to escape and to remind you that even now—at this very instant!—hundreds of thousands have not escaped. Let us look at two types of abuse from which she suffered, both of which types exist, in modified forms, on Black Belt plantations even today.

### The Code of Scoundrels

The first type of abuse was personal: it was the prostituting of Negro women by men of the master class.

When some of the slave states made it a capital offense for Negroes and whites of the opposite sex to cohabit, it was not the white man and the Negro woman the law was aiming at. This law was meant for the Negro man and the white woman. Why this distinction? It was to put a barrier between the black man and the white woman. The black man, therefore, flirted with death if he so much as smiled in the direction of a white woman, but the man of the master class deliberately and intentionally prostituted the black woman.

Goodell in his book "Slave Code" tells about a lovely "Christian lady" who kept a beautiful slave woman for the use of her precious son, so as to deter him, the lady explained, "from indiscriminate and vulgar indulgences." In other words, the young woman servant was prostituted to the young man's use, so as to prevent his risks with public prostitutes. Carter G. Woodson, Negro historian, in the introduction to his "Free Heads of Negro Families in the United States in 1830," writes: "Harriet Martineau discovered a young white man who, on visiting a Southern lady, became in-



This is the second article in the important series which Eugene Gordon, brilliant Negro journalist, is writing.

The second type of abuse Negro women suffered was impersonal and economic: their brutalization as laborers on the plantations. The following quotation from "Inside View of Slav-

ery," published in 1855, explains eloquently.

"I never saw a more miserable, degraded, despairing family of human being. Debts, taxes, and expenses of all kinds were paid by the sale of slaves, and the 'soul driver' was an almost weekly visitor. There was not an unbroken family among them—not even parents and children living together.

"I frequently saw these mothers take their infants and their corn cake, at the sound of the horn at daybreak, and march in slow and solemn procession to the cornfields. When they reached the place where they had left their hoes the evening before, a long distance from the huts—as the fields near by had been worn out—they laid their infants down in the 'gum cradles'

troughs cuts in logs—and each one hoed a long row out and back in season to nourish the infants and eat the dinner cake at noon. Then they hoed two more rows before returning to the cheerless huts, to rest their weary limbs at night. When they reached the huts, they took one quart of corn meal each, and putting it into a mortar—made by themselves by burning a hole into the end of a pine log—they pounded it into coarse meal with a wooden or iron pestle. After this they put one third of it into the kettle, and boiled it down for supper, and then kneaded the remainder into a cake, and put it into embers to be baked for breakfast and dinner the next day. They then laid down on the ground—as the huts had no floors—and slept, some on a few filthy, old rags, others, on a thin layer of rice straw, until the horn called them again to perform their daily round of cheerless toil."

### Slavery Goes on Today

These were two kinds of abuse Negro slave women suffered and against which they fought. Do workers outside the Black Belt imagine the Negro working woman to be free of such abuses today? She is not!

Negro newspapers of March 9, carried two stories proving (1) that men of the master class still regard the

(Continued on Page 15)



Workers in New York demonstrate against being taxed and taxed and taxed again. They say: "Tax the Rich to Feed the Poor!"—"Down With the Sales Tax!"

International News Photos

### By Alfred H. Hirsch

THEY weren't discussing theory. They weren't wondering what to do. They were talking about how to do it, how to fight the high cost of living, how to get rid of the sales tax. One woman was in her early twenties, one about thirty-five, the third over fifty. Their faces were serious, there was no ease in their lives. There was determination because they were filled with the knowledge of what they were here for, completely understanding the day to day problems, for it was they who had to buy for the family—and see that enough was put aside to meet the rent on the first of the month.

Clara Bodian, secretary of New York District of the United Councils of Working Class Women listened to the three of them; nodded, explained. They heard her eagerly and seemed impatient to put into actions the words they and she had just used.

#### Sales Tax Hits Poor

They talked of Mayor LaGuardia's two per cent sales tax, of what it actually cost them who bought in small quantities, of how much more than two per cent it was when you went into a store to spend thirteen cents. Then, this tax was almost eight per cent. One of them said: "I read in the paper today that Grover Whalen, one of the big shots of Wanamaker's store, said that he doesn't like the sales tax but as long as we have it in one city or one state we ought to make it uniform

for all cities and all states. . . I remember him. . . He's the one that had the cops break up the unemployed demonstration in New York in 1930. . . And now he's for the sales tax."

#### Do I Remember?

The oldest said: "Do I remember? I saw the whole business. I was right in the middle of it and a cop on a horse came right for me. The hoofs missed me by this much. I saw the whole business. But it wasn't the first time, and we'll see more things like that."

"The sales tax is good for men like him. What do they want with an income tax? They say: 'Let the workers care for the unemployed. But we answer: 'Repeal the Sales Tax.' 'Tax the rich to feed the poor.' And we're going to make everyone that comes to our conference understand that. . . And then we'll tell Mr. Whalen, and Mayor LaGuardia too."

They started to leave, putting their notes in their bags, bundling their coats around them.

Food prices are up more than 34 per cent since President Roosevelt took his oath two years ago. If these women did not know it, who would? Their faces showed how real this was to them, why they wanted to bring all the working women together to do something definite about it.

Clara Bodian spoke of the Conferences Against the Sales Tax and Against the Rising Cost of Living.

# IT'S UP TO US

She told me of those that had already taken place in Brownsville, the lower Bronx, the upper Bronx.

#### Many Rallies Planned

"Members of Councils canvass every apartment in a house, visit every woman there. Then they have the whole house elect a delegate to the conference and the delegate brings back a report and gets the others in the house to work with her.

"Other members of the Councils visit Settlement Houses, Mothers' Leagues and charitable organizations to get delegates. They collect signatures of thousands of women who can't help feeling the same way they do; they send groups to the Aldermen to find out where they stand."

There will be many more such conferences: two are scheduled for March 31, in Williamsburg and the Beach Section. The call for one of the conferences says: "Let the 180 millions of dollars in the interest fund for the bakers be used for the relief of the unemployed. We must organize to demand the repeal of the sales tax and to bring down the high cost of living."

Chicago and Philadelphia have held such conferences too. In both cities the small butchers joined the Councils against the high prices of the great packing companies where the "Stockyard Stellas" and the "Eddies" work. The butchers can't live either when prices are so high that customers can't buy.

Preparing the conferences is only the beginning. Holding them is not much more unless action follows. Neighborhood concentration is one method of work; another, growing out of the conferences, is city-wide action. Letters have been sent demanding appointments with the mayor to talk over his sales tax with him and to remind him that when he was a member of Congress in Washington he was opposed to it, making the night hideous with his cries of indignation.

The U. S. Women's Bureau News Letter for February, 1935, states that wages in manufacturing industries in 1934 were 30 per cent less than in 1929 but living costs were only 20 per cent less. Perhaps the members

of the Councils do not know these figures by heart, but they see what they mean every time they go to the grocer's or the butcher's.

They know that the few dollars their husbands bring home are not elastic and don't stretch. In fact money shrinks because a dollar buys less today than it did a year ago.

Meat costs 41 per cent more than two years ago; milk is up 30 per cent; a dozen eggs cost almost twice as much as in the winter of 1933. What does that mean to these women?

#### Children Must Have Milk

Clara Bodian declares: "It means they buy less, eat less. On top of that the State of New York appropriates \$500,000 to increase consumption of milk by advertising. Why don't they buy milk with that money to give to the families who can't? Do these women need ads to tell them their children want milk? Why even the Labor Department says there are 9,000,000 undernourished children in the United States."

Meanwhile, city and state taxes are spreading along with laws prohibiting demonstrations for relief. Sales taxes are good for capitalists, better than income taxes which would reduce their fortunes slightly. Demonstrations for relief have been so successful that these same people want to see them abolished.

#### Action In Philadelphia

"At the last meeting of the City Action Committee, which was held on March 5, 1935, against the high cost of meat, we decided to elect from each section, delegations to go to Washington to see Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, and demand an investigation of the meat trusts.

"Mr. Wallace gave out a statement that for the next six months, the cost of commodities will increase 11 per cent, and the cost of meat will increase 22 per cent. By mass delegation in Washington, a mass picket will be arranged around the Department of Agriculture building.

"Meanwhile, we are to arrange a



Our kids need milk—an old story for us! The new story is that we must learn to organize and fight to get milk for them.

International News Photos

There is a state-wide sales tax on every article, which includes all food but bread and milk, in Ohio. New Jersey boasts a two per cent sales tax which applies to food also.

#### Darning Over Darns

It becomes more and more like magic for the housewives to manage to feed their families. Food is up, clothes, taxes. So they buy poorer food, less clothes. They patch an old shirt once more, mend a dress which is past mending, darn socks long worn out.

But all over the country, in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, the Councils are mobilizing.

New York has ten or twelve new

mass demonstration for March 18 at the Consolidated Beef Company. After the return of the delegation from Washington, we are arranging a city-wide report of the delegates for Monday, March 18, at Boslover Hall, 701 Pine Street, where we are also to call conferences from other organizations to make this struggle a struggle for higher wages and to build up a strong organization against the proposed sales tax by Governor Earle, of Pennsylvania, and against the high cost of living in general."

*THE WORKING WOMAN went to press too soon to obtain the results of this activity. Short news items from the whole country on this important struggle are invited.—Editor.*

Councils in a few months; larger membership in the old ones. Councils are springing up in all sections of the country, fighting the same battles: the high cost of living, taxes, resisting evictions, gaining relief.

They want that leadership which demands the formation of a closely-knit, national United Council of Working Class Women. It will cooperate with strikers, men and women and attract factory workers and small farmers; with home makers.

The coming of a national organization will bring a consolidation of forces leading to a national movement against the high cost of living and against sales taxes and the dread twins, war and fascism.

An initiative committee has been formed which is preparing for an Eastern Conference to be held in New York on March 24 and a Western Conference to take place in Cleveland on March 31.

At the same time local actions such as one-day milk stoppages (except where there are small children in the family) will be carried on. And the women in the Councils will work with the militant farm organizations, because they know that the smaller farmer does not get the extra pennies they must pay for milk.

"Yes," said Secretary Bodian, "it is high time that we take definite steps to build up a national campaign against the high cost of living and the taxation of the working class."

# In Factory and Office

A Department in Which Mill, Factory, Office and Shop Workers Will Record Their Conditions and Struggles

## General Electric Sweats Girl Workers

Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear Editor:

General Electric is one of the largest manufacturing companies here in Bridgeport, but also one of the biggest slave-driving plants that ever existed. They "boost" the plant as being prosperous and generous, but to whom?

Let us look into the inside of this great factory and we shall see the girls put on men's jobs and for their hard labor receive 32 cents an hour, which is \$11.52 a week. They uphold the President's code, the so-called "fair" N.R.A., in words only, for the workers are more pressed here than in any small sweat-shop.

Take for instance Department 29C, which is under the management of the worst slave-driver that ever lived. His name is James Corrigan. He took away jobs from both Negro women as well as from men. He put in a suggestion to the suggestion department of the General Electric to do away with the Negro women who used to sweep the floors in the departments and instead make each girl sweep up her own space of floor where she works. That put at least twenty-five Negro women out of work.

Then the placing of girls instead of men to work on "moulds." That was always a man's job and much too hard for girls to work on. This also leaving the G. E. more money for profits as the men used to get at least 57 cents an hour, while the girls have to work for 32 cents an hour, plus 10 per cent extra if they make out piece work at more than 32 cents an hour, but the girls very seldom are able to make out more than their day rate as the prices are so extremely low that the girls work during their lunch hour trying to make out at least their day rate so as not to be called into the office because of under production. By working during lunch hour the company gets at least five hours labor

from the girls without paying them for it.

There are about 300 girls employed in this one department, so if they get 300 times five hours from each girl every week, imagine the profit they get at the end of the year! How many more girls could be employed if the prices were such as to give the girls a chance to make a decent living.

These facts prove to all workers what the Roosevelt policy means to rich manufacturers and financiers, and what it does to workers who work in the factories.

## Desperate Conditions In Coal Mines

Charleston, West Va.

Dear Editor:

West Virginia miners and their families were fooled by the N.R.A. ballyhoo just like many other workers. We mining town women realize now that the same old conditions prevail everywhere in the coal camps. Expectant mothers, not living on company works, are refused medical care by company doctors, although all miners are compelled to pay fifty cents each month for medical service regardless of whether they live in the coal camps or not.

In one case, a coal miner who had been unemployed for two years and just gotten a job, offered to sign over his pay envelope to a private doctor if he would attend his wife, who was pregnant. The company doctor had already refused to come. The private doctor, who has also received his share of the earnings of the coal miners in that district, remarked, "I will not visit the patient until you bring me twenty-five dollars in cash." Of course the miner was unable to get the money, so his wife had no medical care during child-birth. This situation has occurred three times in one community. These miners' wives have no knowledge of birth control and the company doctor refuses to give them any information.

It is a common sight in the coal camps to see the miners' wives standing at the company store office waiting for the mine sheet to come in showing whether or not their husbands have loaded any coal that day so they can get groceries for the evening meal.

When the mines are running steadily, the miners' wives get up at four-thirty A.M., build the fires in the coal stoves, get their husbands' breakfast and see them off to work. There's no hot or cold running water in the house to make their work any easier. The water pump, located about a block away, serves anywhere from five to ten families. The water is carried by the women to the houses in buckets—and must be used for all purposes including the family wash.

Women have often seen their children go to school without breakfast. This has happened in districts where unemployed miners are living on relief.

School children have fainted while attempting to study, from lack of food. Yet the truant officers compelled these parents to send their children to school regardless of their living conditions.

Miners' wives have no opportunity to help their husbands with living expenses. There are no jobs for women in mining camps, except taking care of some pregnant mother for a couple of weeks at fifty cents a day. Not many can take advantage of these jobs because of their own large households.

Recreational activities for women are very limited. Few camps have even a movie house. Church service once a week is the signal for social gatherings—though such things as Ladies' Aid Societies are unknown in most of the mining camps.

In the Kanawha Valley only four or five mining towns have had organizations for women. These were informal discussion and sewing groups organized and conducted by the miners' wives with the help of outside labor groups. The women have held these organizations together. The women in these clubs have been very active, in unemployed groups and have taken the lead in going to relief offices with their demands for more relief. They have scored several victories over the authorities. They are realizing their strength and power in labor organizations, and are becoming more active in the fight to better their conditions.

# Broad is the Path

BY A HOLLYWOOD EXTRA

## Slave Market — Up to Date!

(Third Installment)

THE life of the extra girl differs from the life of the star as \$7.50 per day for a handful of working days differs from a \$5,000 a week, 52-week contract. Thus, there are two Hollywoods, two worlds that never meet. One-half of that world, the Beverly Hills world, has no idea how the other half lives, nor does it care. It may sound trite to mention that the dogs of the famous stars eat more lavishly than do the extra girls, but this is all too true. I, myself, could live well in Hollywood on the kennel bill of a Great Dane I know about.

### A Dog's Life

I remember seeing a successful man I know pay a sixteen-dollar beauty parlor bill for his small terrier, and thinking to myself that that sixteen dollars, paid for primping the tiny animal, would have paid my share of the rent for one whole month. The animal, however, had to look nice for Christmas, while I had to scam out

and hound the casting directors at the studios for work. The lavish spending of money by one class, and the bitter struggle for mere bread and shelter of the other class, has made me think plenty, and it is making many of the extra girls think.

### The Good Samaritans of Jazz

The extra girl is used to fighting. Every hour of every day is a struggle. The only manner in which we can hope to survive is in collective living. Each girl helps another as best she can. You can see this on a set. A new chorine comes on and gets a job, but she is in danger of losing it, because she cannot learn routines quickly enough to suit a dance director. What happens? I do not know an extra in the business who will not coach her and teach her the routines. Each extra knows what it is to lose a job. Each knows the other's bread and butter depends on that job. They are aware that they are both in the same boat, and losing a job means hunger or moral degeneration.



The Great Unknowns. Unhonored, underpaid, and then discarded. A day's work once a week is a lucky break.

That solidarity of the extra has been displayed often. It was displayed in a recent technical strike, when in sympathy with the striking technicians, not a chorus girl on the set lifted a foot. It is displayed every day of the week in countless rooms through Hollywood, where three and four extra girls struggle together and share together their meagre worldly goods.

### They Carry On Together

That is how we live here. Three or four of us take a tiny apartment for perhaps \$25 a month. Whoever has money puts it into a collective fund. That pays the rent and food bill. Each girl carries her share of the expenses while she is working, and when she is out of work, the others carry on as best they can. Most of the rank and file are uninitiated politically. How could they be different? But, there is a growing tendency among them here on the West Coast to organize and fight for better conditions.

### Did You Know That—

Our constant battle is against the men who have an idea that every chorus and every extra girl is for sale. We must be on our guard every minute of the day and night against the professional procurer, who haunts the sets, getting his percentage for "fixing it up" with visiting business men. Many a girl's career has been ruined, because of ignorance of the true situation in Hollywood, when she was seen in the company of a professional procurer. There isn't a set or a casting office here without its professional procurer, snooping around trying to show hungry girls an "easier way." The sordidness of the whole environment is enough to make any decent girl revolt. No wonder we get hard-boiled. We come here asking only a fair day's wage in return for our professional knowledge, and we are offered every manner and means of getting money except by honest work.

The story of Hollywood is too long to be told in a few short pages. It would take volumes. But, whenever you read about the "glamour" of the place, remember one thing. It is the pig-sty of America, and the sooner it is cleaned out, the better it will be for every American working woman, man and child. It is anything but beautiful. It's stench is in the nostrils of the American working class.

# MOTHER JONES

Women Heroes of American Labor History

A FEARLESS woman leader came forward after the great strikes of 1886 and was active for a generation in organizing miners and other workers in many parts of the United States. Her name was Mary Jones, long known to the workers as "Mother" Jones.

In the mine strikes of 1900, 1902, and 1903, Mother Jones was always "there," firing the strikers with her zeal, to stick it out and not to go back until the operators gave in. She helped to organize the miners' marches on collieries where scabs were starting to work, sometimes marching all night with the men, often getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning to picket the mines. She was usually at the head of the parade of miners' wives and daughters, singing and shouting, in the face of armed deputy sheriffs and militia.

## Women "Took Care" of Scabs

On one occasion, as she describes it in her *Autobiography of Mother Jones*, she told the men to stay at home with the children for a change and let the women attend to the scabs. An army of women housekeepers were told to assemble, armed with mops and brooms and pails of water.

They came, led by a woman with a tin dishpan and a hammer, and up the mountainside they went, yelling and hollering and hammering, till they had scared away all the mules and the scabs, who started running down hill. Mules and scabs were followed by the army of women with their mops and pails and brooms. Every day the women picketed the mines, and Mother Jones wrote:

"And all night long they kept watch. They were heroic women. In the long years to come the nation will pay them high tribute."

Wherever there was a strike, whether of miners, textile workers or others, Mother Jones would go to speak and encourage them, often dramatizing the struggle in a way that brought publicity and relief. During a strike of textile workers of Kensington, Pa., in 1903, she organized a protest march of the child

By Grace Hutchins

workers to Oyster Bay, Long Island, where President Theodore Roosevelt had his expensive summer residence.

The striking children tramped along dusty roads, carrying banners, slept in the open fields, begged food from farmers, and camped for a night on Grover Cleveland's estate at Prince-



"Mother Jones doesn't need a vote to raise hell!" declares the title of this picture in her book. Women didn't vote in her day.

ton, New Jersey. One little fellow had a drum and another had a fife. "That was our band," wrote Mother Jones. Their banners read: **We want more schools and less hospitals.** "We want time to play."

She thought that President Roosevelt might see these mill children and compare them with his own little ones who were spending the summer on the seashore at Oyster Bay. In each town, as they passed through, Mother Jones and the children's army held meetings, showing up with living children the horrors of child labor.

When they reached Oyster Bay, President Roosevelt refused to see them, just as his cousin, a second

4, 35  
President Roosevelt, thirty years later, refused to see the Scottsboro mothers, when they went to Washington in May, 1934. But, as Mother Jones wrote:

"Our march had done its work. We had drawn the attention of the nation to the crime of child labor."

With an eye to the dramatic in each strike situation, Mother Jones helped to win many a struggle that might otherwise have been lost, and the workers loved and respected her. She had no use for John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America. Of leaders in earlier labor struggles, she had said:

"In those days labor's representatives did not sit on velvet chairs in conference with labor's oppressors; they did not dine in the fashionable hotels with the representatives of the top capitalists, such as the Civic Federation. They did not ride in Pullmans nor make trips to Europe."

But Mother Jones was an individualist, a good deal of a free lance, and not a permanent builder of the workers' organizations. She was often confused on issues of the class struggle and thought that labor and capital could reconcile their differences without any basic change in the capitalist system. Her influence among the workers was not so strong and definite as the influence of our own Mother Bloor, who has been continuously active in the workers' revolutionary movement for the last 40 years.

## Full of Years and Honors

Mother Jones died in December, 1930, at the age of 100, and was buried in the Miners' Union Cemetery at Mount Olive, Illinois, near the monument in memory of the brave Virden miners who were killed in the strike of 1898. Virden Day is still remembered by miners in Illinois and by the miners' wives whom Mother Jones had helped to arouse with her fighting spirit. For by their action at Virden in 1898, the miners had turned back the trainloads of scabs and for 24 years no more strike-breakers were brought to Illinois mines.

It was in such heroic struggles as this that Mother Jones played an outstanding part. She was many times arrested and jailed, but was always back again at the head of a picket line in the next strike. Her story is part of the history of the labor movement in the United States.

# The Soviet Girls Answer!

(Continued from Page 5)

partment was the worst one, one could hardly breathe because of the stench; hosts of flies were everywhere.

We worked from ten to twelve hours a day, got miserable wages and lived wretchedly. After the day's drudgery we had no place where we could rest. There were twelve saloons next to the slaughter house, three churches, one school and not a single theatre or club. The bosses were making drunkards of the workers.

The construction of our new Combine was completed in two years. The starting of the Meat Combine was a holiday. We entered the new, light departments, equipped with wonderful machines, and flower pots were on the window sills. The workers wore new boots, overalls, caps and aprons. There was a celebration in which Comrade Kaganovich, Secretary of the Moscow Committee of the Communist Party and Comrade Mikoyan, People's Commissar of the Food Industry participated. They gave us a number of important, practical instructions about the mastery of the complicated technique of the Combine.

## Many Victories Are Ours

Only a year has passed since our Meat Combine was put into operation and we have done so much, achieved so many successes. We needed training for before we knew only a knife. After work we attended technical study circles. We listened to lectures on sanitation. We have widely developed socialist competition.

Prior to the revolution women never worked in slaughter houses. Women were not considered equal to men in Russia. As the old proverb said: "A hen is not a bird and a woman is not a person," and besides how could she work having nobody to care for her children? Now, we have nurseries, kindergartens, children's playgrounds. A woman may leave her child there and not worry about him. Women enjoy the same rights as men. We elected deputies to the Soviets recently. Lizueova, a working woman of the ofal department to the Moscow Soviet and Ruchkina, a worker in the scrap department as deputy to the District Soviet.

The former saloons are now workers' houses. There is a club, a dispensary. Plays or moving pictures are shown every day at the club, there are study circles, a library and a dance hall in the club. Not far from the Combine on the site of a former monastery a Palace of Culture was built where we go to concerts and plays in which the best artists of our country participate.

Our housing conditions are very good. We haven't yet got separate apartments for everybody but new houses are under construction. Some workers live in dormitories. They were given beds, mattresses, sheets, blankets and pillows. There is a radio, a Red Corner for study, checkers, chess and newspapers and magazines. The charwomen keep the dormitories clean.

We have our own stadium. On rest days, the factory committee organizes skiing outings.

We live well and are sure that we shall live still better. We have a seven-hour working day. After work we can go to school, to the theatre or take part in sports.

Labor has become a thing of valor, of heroism in our country. The best workers are called shock workers and are rewarded with valuable premiums. All the authors of this letter are shock workers.

We request you to write us about your work in more detail. What are your working conditions in the departments, cattle pens, etc.?

Struggle for a Soviet America. Help the Communist Party to fight the capitalists!

Working Women of the Mikoyan Meat Combine.  
(Seven Names)

P.S. This letter was discussed and adopted at a young workers' meeting attended by six hundred persons.

## Packing House Girls In America

(Continued from Page 5)  
pany promised her a steady job. A girl in the soup room got her finger cut off and now she is forelady. A terrible thing happened to Tommy, a cop. The company thought it was

cheaper to put a piece of moveable tin over a hole in the soup room floor; they were saving the price of repairing. Along comes Tommy—bang!—slip, and Tommy is on the next floor and shortly is being carried to the doctor on a stretcher. He has a broken ankle and a sprained neck. Rumors were heard that now he would be a rich man.

A girl in the pork trim had her finger cut into a figure "8" by one of those hooked knives. A fellow was being yelled at so much that he dropped the meat on the girl's knife and cut her finger. There was another fellow in the stuffing room who was a machine operator, and his finger was smashed by a heavy box falling on it. This fellow and around four women who had worked there for from 1½ to 8 years were laid off. They got together and through their pressure on the company representatives they were all hired back.

## Only Youngsters Wanted

The company refuses to hire women who are fat; instead they hire girls around the age of 16 to 21 years. They ask for all young girls. These women have only spent from 3 to 10 years with the company and now they are not good enough for them. They slaved away the best part of their life for the company's profit. The company isn't getting enough profit through speeding us up and other abuses. The company passed a new law that white aprons have to be worn throughout the canning department. Lots of us girls have as many as six to eight blue ones. They would last us another year. We get these white aprons dirty in one day and we have to wash them ourselves.

## Some Day We'll Holler

We are speeded up to the limit and hollered at a lot, but some day we'll holler at them. I hope we can make the company wash our aprons for us. They wash the men's overalls, but they think we girls can go home after a hard day's work and do some scrubbing over a washboard and besides spend money for soap.

We should demand that they don't discriminate against us girls and women like that. Now especially when the girls are all sore about having to buy new aprons. They cost \$1.15. They should wash them for us, God knows they have a big enough laundry.

A Girl from a Cannery.

## Pages From An Editor's Notebook

NEW YORK CITY—On April First the Domestic Workers' Union is going to take out a charter with the American Federation of Labor. The Union, including the Sunnyside, Harlem, Yorkville, Port Chester and Crown Heights Branches, will be in one local connected with the Building Service Employees International Union. The Union is receiving very favorable conditions. All domestic workers are urged to join before April 1. The fee for joining is 35 cents. The office of the Harlem local is at 262 Lenox Avenue (corner 123rd Street) and the office hours are from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. The telephone number is HARlem 7-8808.

### By the Way

The Business Manager rushes in with a wild, pleading look and begs for a little space. She declares that 11,000 copies of the Working Woman were printed and that it was sold out three days after publication even though 2,000 more were printed than ever before in its history and 2,000 more than we had orders for when we went to press. It seems as though we should have thousands of subscriptions by now and we haven't. Why not? She wants to know. Either tell her, or subscribe, or the poor gal will jump out of her skin—a very bad ad for any magazine.

She has another grievance. She still gets letters from angry subscribers who want to know why they haven't received their magazines. People move and don't tell either the Post Office or the Business Department where they are moving to. She is sure she is very clever but denies that she is a mind reader, and begs for one month's notice before you move.

### Lakebay, Wash.

Dear Editor:

All hail to the revolutionary women. Only with their help can the emancipation of the toilers be achieved.

For the enclosed dirty, germ-infested dollar put me on your mailing list for two years.

Saskatchewan, Can.

Dear Editor:

I have to thank you for your recent letter, also for the March issue of the Working Woman. I note that the subscription to this magazine is 75 cents per year, and am enclosing money order for this sum to cover one year's subscription. This subscription comes from the Women's Labor League, of which organization I am the secretary.

On a first reading of the magazine it is pretty hard to determine which article appealed to me most. All the articles are very interesting. After I have read three or four numbers I

shall be in a better position to state which features appeal to me most.

Wishing you every success in the field of your labor.

The GET TOGETHER CLUB of Superior, Wis., though only a year old, sent a delegate to the Anti-War Congress in Chicago and is carrying on the work. The club takes a bundle of the WORKING WOMAN and subscribes for those who cannot afford to buy it. It has also been active in getting relief for the unemployed from the local administration.

## GREETINGS FOR MARCH 8

Below is the amount collected since February 24 up to the time we went to press. Lists which are sent in after the April issue is printed will be published next month. The greetings

have come in very slowly. The total sum shown is for a period when we should have been flooded with lists and contributions if the readers and supporters of this magazine were active!

### The Letter Below Speaks For Itself.

#### RUSH IN YOUR LIST!

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is \$1.50 money order. I am sorry this is all I could collect. Some places they had dogs and I couldn't get in.

I don't know what the miners out here are going to do; whether they will go out on strike or not. My husband don't make enough to pay the store bill and there is lots like my husband that don't make enough to pay the bills.

ILLINOIS		PENNSYLVANIA	
Chicago		*K. Krupcy, Grapeville	.75
A. Bery	\$2.25	A. Telika, Jeanette	.25
H. Frilund	.15	CONEMANGH	
V. Heino	.25	Women's Aux., Unempl. Councils	2.00
*A. Jarvi	.50	Reva Hahn, Pleasant Gr., Utah	.15
L. Jarvi	.15	F. Branon, Detroit	1.00
V. Rasave	.15	Farrell	
V. Sarrela	.15	Mrs. Bronch	.10
O. Vuori	.15	Mrs. Curko	.10
		Mrs. Busnick	.10
		Mrs. Cuncich	.25
		Mrs. Duich	.05
		Mrs. Radas	.10
		Library	
		George Wirla	.20
		Mrs. Rose Rubach	.15
		Mrs. Rizzi Jerman	.50
		Vida Kosalac	.15
		*Mrs. A. Rupnick	.50
		Sharon	
		**Mrs. J. Lucich	.25
		Mrs. Vranys	.10
		West Middlesex	
		Mrs. Cemerich	.10
		Mrs. Rudich	.10
		WISCONSIN	
		J. S., Wisconsin Rapids	1.00
		*Indicates collector.	
		**Collected for Farrell, Sharon and W. Middlesex.	
		Total	\$33.55

MASSACHUSETTS		MICHIGAN	
Norwood		Dearborn	
Finnish Working Women's Club	1.80	Hungarian Women's Organization	5.00
		Jewish Councils	4.00
		Roumanian Women's Organization	2.00
		Lith. West Side Women's Organiz.	2.00
		Hamtramck Ukrain. Women's Organiz.	1.00
		North Detroit Women's Organization	1.00
		West Side Women's Organization	1.00
		Lith. East Side Women's Organiz.	1.00
		Dearborn Women's Auxiliary	1.00
		Norwood Intl. Women's Day Comm.	1.00
		Anna Kruchen, collector.	
		NEW YORK	
		Bronx	
		*L. Keilin	.50
		E. Keilin	.50
		N. Y. District Women's Committee	1.10
		D. C., New York City	1.00

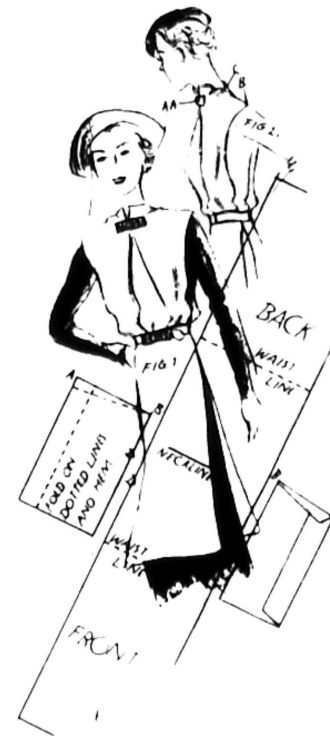


IF you have more time than money, here is a simple tunic to make, which, when worn over an old dress will fool nobody. It's not intended to. But doesn't it look kinda nice for a change? It is good made of silk to wear with a wool dress, in either a matching or contrasting color. Prints or checks are swell with plain colors, and an ivory-colored tunic worn with a black dress is fresh as anything.

### Here's How

One and a half yards of 30-inch material should be enough unless you are very tall. First, measure your length from shoulder to knee. Cut two of these lengths as wide as your shoulders. Sew together, leaving a slit for the bateau neck, and hem or bind it.

Now for the false front: It consists of two pieces of material. Better cut one first. To get the length, measure from the base of your throat to your waistline and add 4 inches to that (for the points under the chin). To



get the width, take half of the width of the tunic front and add 4 inches (to fold under in front). That's one side. Cut another just like it and if

you should have enough material to squander, cut these two pieces on the bias. The fit will be slicker. After hemming the front edges (four-inch turn-under), hem the top, turning down an inch and a half at front center (A) and tapering off to 1-4 inch at B (see diagram).

### Now Try On . . .

Try on the tunic, taking in any fullness at shoulders. Take the two front pieces and join together two and half inches from the top, and pin at throat (AA). Bring together the outer edges of front pieces and tunic (DD) and sew down points B on shoulder (fig. 2). Stitch from B to neckline (C).

Gather or pleat the hanging ends, loosely, and tack to waistline. Hem or face tunic sides and bottom. Bring together the back and front at sides on the waistline, with hooks and eyes. A belt of the tunic material is recommended, but a contrasting belt will do, unless you are a rather short person. Finish off with buckles or large clips or pins at throat and belt front. Failing these, bows of same material will do perfectly.—GWEN BARDE.

## Unconquered Spirit

(Continued from Page 7)

black woman as their rightful prey, and (2) that the black woman is still economically debased on the plantations. The first story tells of a young lawyer of Knoxville, Tenn., who tore all the clothes off from a girl's back in trying to rape her; of his being booked, not for attempted rape, but for "drunkenness"; of his being released on bail! The papers do not tell of a lynching, for there was none. The man was white and the girl was Negro. The second story tells of an

aged and blind Negro farmer who, with his wife, pulls a plow for a living because he cannot afford a mule.

### Slavery Must Go

These hangovers from slavery must be abolished if workers outside the Black Belt are to achieve their goal. The fighting traditions of the Negro woman must be turned to the revolutionary advantage of the great working class, North and South, white and black. The Negro woman's struggle for freedom is the struggle of the whole working class.

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# NEWS OF THE DRIVE FOR 1500 Subscriptions

CLOSING DATE EXTENDED TO MAY 1!

Our Drive has been extended for one month! Closing date is now May 1, 1935. Two hundred and forty-nine subscriptions for the entire country is not enough! Hurry and enter the contest! The N. Y. Women's Councils have a total of 91 subscriptions so far. What happened to Los Angeles? They made a fine start and have not been heard from since! Not a single one from the active Women's League of Philadelphia! Nothing from Cleveland!

## The Record In Numbers

<b>CALIFORNIA</b>	
Women's Council, Boyle Hts., No. 1 Los Angeles .....	27
<b>ILLINOIS</b>	
Jane Benton Chicago .....	4
O. Osools .....	1
Alice Belester .....	3
K. Abekene .....	5
<b>MASSACHUSETTS</b>	
Women's Council, Boston .....	7
<b>MICHIGAN</b>	
S. Autio, Crystal Falls .....	3
Mary Salo " .....	2
Finnish Working Women's Club, Iron- wood .....	7
A. Kruchen, Dearborn .....	5
Viena Tormala, Chassell .....	4
<b>NEW HAMPSHIRE</b>	
Elba Chase, Hillsboro .....	2
<b>NEW YORK</b>	
<i>Women's Councils</i>	
Council 1 .....	1
Council 6 .....	3
Council 9 .....	2
Council 11 .....	1
Council 12 .....	15
Council 13 .....	1
Council 14 .....	5
Council 15 .....	2
Council 16 .....	2
Council 18 .....	4
Council 20 .....	2
Council 21 .....	8
Council 22 .....	3
Council 23 .....	4
Council 24 .....	12
Council 27 .....	2
Council 33 .....	7
Council 35 .....	1
Council 36 .....	1
Council 37 .....	1
Council 38 .....	8
Council 39 .....	12
Council 40 .....	1
Council 46 .....	2
Council 49 .....	1
Bakers' Council .....	4
<b>PENNSYLVANIA</b>	
J. K. Nelesh, Forest City .....	11
A. Janausaskas, Scranton .....	8
J. Lucich, Sharon .....	3
Workers' Bookshop, Pittsburgh .....	7
Phila. Workers Bookshop .....	3
<b>WISCONSIN</b>	
Ellie Heino, Superior .....	5
Tyomies Society " .....	10
<b>CANADA</b>	
T. K., Vancouver .....	2
Total since drive started .....	249

## PRIZES

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### Rules:

Drive ends midnight, May 1, 1935. Anyone wishing to credit subscriptions to an individual may do so. Renewals DO count toward prizes. Tying contestants will each receive prize tied for. Awards will be made when contest ends.

## It is not too late yet!

The Working Woman, 50 East 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

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